

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,  
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.  
*Rich.* Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,  
A Royall battell might be wonne and lost:  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.*

*Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,  
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,  
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:  
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,  
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.  
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.  
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented  
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.  
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

*Chri.* At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

*Der.* What men of Name resort to him?

*Chri.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,  
And many other of great name and worth:  
And towards London do they bend their power,  
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Der.* Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,  
My Letter will resolute him of my minde.  
Farewell. *Exeunt*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led  
to Execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

*Sher.* No my good Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,  
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried  
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,  
If that your moody discontented soules,  
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,  
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.

This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?  
*Sher.* It is.

*Buc.* Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doomsday  
This is the day, which in King Edwards time  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies,  
This is the day, wherein I wish't to fall  
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.  
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,  
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:  
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,  
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.  
Thus Margarets curse fallies heauy on my necke:  
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:  
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.  
*Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and  
others, with drum and colours.*

*Richm.* Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends  
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,  
Thus fare into the bowels of the Land,  
Haue we marcht on without impediment;  
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley  
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:  
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,  
(That spoyle'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)  
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough  
In your embowell'd bosomes: This foule Swine  
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,  
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:  
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.  
In Gods name cheerefully on, couragious Friends,  
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,  
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.

*Oxf.* Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,  
To fight agaiust this guilty Homicide.

*Her.* I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,  
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,  
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallows wings,  
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.  
*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, Ratcliffe,  
and the Earle of Surrey.*

*Rich.* Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,  
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

*Rich.* My Lord of Norfolk.

*Nor.* Heere most gracious Liege.

*Rich.* Norfolk, we must haue knockes:

Ha, must we not?

*Nor.* We must both giue and take my louing Lord.

*Rich.* Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,

But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath defied the number of the Traitors?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their vtmost power.

*Rich.* Why our Battalia trebbles that account:

Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,

Which they vpon the aduerser Faction want.

Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

*Let's*

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,  
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox-  
ford, and Dorset.*

*Richm.* The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,  
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,  
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.

*Sir William Brandon,* you shall beare my Standard:

Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:

Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaille,

Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,

And part in iust proportion our small Power.

My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,

And your Sir Walter Herberts stay with me:

The Earle of Pembroke keepe his Regiment;

Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him,

And by the second houre in the Morning,

Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:

Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:

Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

*Blunt.* Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,

(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)

His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least

South, from the mighty Power of the King.

*Richm.* If without perill it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him

And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.

*Blunt.* Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,

And so God giue you quiet rest to night.

*Richm.* Good night good Captaine Blunt:

Come Gentlemen,

Let vs confute vpon to morrowes Businesse;

Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

*They withdraw into the Tent.*

*Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Catesby.*

*Rich.* What is't a Clocke?

*Cat.* It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

*King.* I will not sup to night,

Giue me some Inke and Paper:

What, is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

*Cat.* It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

*Rich.* Good Norfolk, hye thee to thy charge,

Vie carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,

*Nor.* I go my Lord.

*Rich.* Sit with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*

*Rich.* Ratcliffe,

*Rat.* My Lord.

*Rich.* Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes

To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power

Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall

Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.

Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:

Look that my Staues be sound, & not too heauy. *Ratcliffe.*

*Rat.* My Lord.

*Rich.* Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,

Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope

Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.

*King.* So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,

I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.

Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

*Rat.* It is my Lord.

*Rich.* Bid my Guard watch. Leauie me.

*Ratcliffe,* about the mid of night come to my Tent

And helpe to arme me. Leauie me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.*

*Der.* Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.

*Rich.* All comfort that the darke night can afford,

Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

*Der.* I by Attourney, bleste thee from thy Mother,

Who prays continually for Richmonds good:

So much for that. The silent houres steale on,

And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.

In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,

Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,

And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement

Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:

I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,

With best aduantage will deceiue thee time,

And ayde thee in this doubtfull shooke of Armes.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George

Be executed in his Fathers fight.

Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time

Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,

And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,

Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:

God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.

Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

*Richm.* Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:

Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,

Left leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,

When I should mount with wings of Victory:

Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,

Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:

Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,

That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,

Th' vsurping Helms of our Aduersaries:

Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,

That we may praise thee in thy victory:

To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,

Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:

Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to  
Henry the sixth.*

*Ch. to Ri.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow.

Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth

At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

*Ghost to Richm.* Be chearefull Richmond,

For the wronged Soules

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:

King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortall, my Anointed body

By thee was punched full of holes;

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,

Harry the sixth, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,

Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Lieue, and flourish.

*Enter*